Accessories Make the Man

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Accessories Make the Man

by OhYouPrettyThings (Fiona_var)

Summary

Continuing in a family tradition, Lucius takes Draco to Sartour's. It doesn't have the outcome Lucius expected.

Notes

Heed tags. Enjoy. Don't like, don't read!

This is a work of fiction and borrows characters created by JKR, published by Scholastic Press (UK), Bloomsbury (US), Grafica Veneta (worldwide), and digitally produced for the screen by Warner Brothers. I do not profit in the slightest.

UPDATE: Nov. 16, 2023

Hey there! Look at who's alive! I am sorry to have been away from my works for so long. It's the same story, the same old song and dance: real life has been an arse for the last little bit. I've spent the snippets of time I felt I could dedicate to it editing many previously posted works (and that includes this one. If you feel like it, go back and reread the first chapter of this story line. Both here and in other stories/series there are no material changes with my edits—that I can recall—just flow, logic, punctuation, etc.) and I've also been trying to complete the MANY drafted chapter that I've begun. If you follow the Hermione-centric Just Her Imagination story, I have something like 4 chapters that are in draft form. I promise, I'm working to getting things completed and posted.

Sincere thanks for any and all kudos, bookmarks, comments, suggestions and, perhaps most importantly, encouragement! I have read other (better) authors say the same - they are the things that grease the creative wheels and light fires under our arses. Do not misunderstand, I do enjoy seeing the "kudos" emails come in and I know I write smut (though I read all levels), but it is important that you know that you, the person you are, understand that your are important to me. Thank you.

I am still looking for a beta reader. My requirements, among others, are grammatical (if you are confused about the purpose,

placement, and usage of an apostrophe, don't bother), anatomical (if you don't know the actual location of a hymen and its biological—vs. societal—purpose, don't bother), and grammatical (you must possess an understanding of the difference between "breath" and "breathe" {as an example among} MANY more peeve-making differences) again, don't bother.

Chapter 1

“Tell me, Draco, how your first fitting was.”

Draco and Lucius had apparated back to the Manor from Sartour’s Fine Robes late in the afternoon on that Saturday. Lucius had received permission from Dumbledore for Draco to return with him for the remainder of the weekend claiming family event. As Lucius had settled the Sartour’s bill, Draco had been a bundle of barely contained frenetic energy full of barely-concealed joy. Anxious to receive a report on his son’s first experience at Sartour’s, Lucius did not engage in niceties with Mr. Sartour or other patrons as was his normal process of leaving. The two Malfoy’s departed Diagon Alley from the apparition point in the nearby sartorial-specific alley.

After dismissing the elf who had provided them refreshments, Lucious said, “Now, Draco. Tell me of your first experience with the services at Sartour’s.”

“Oh father, it was so good! I feel so…How long have you been going? How often do you go? Can we go back soon?”

“It has been a tradition in our family for many generations once a son achieves his sixteenth birthday. Sartour’s is remarkable for anticipating what every man needs without it even being said. They…”

Draco interrupted, “I didn’t understand, Father, at first…why he was t-touching me…you know…there! Why he was stroking me…there.”

Lucius looked closely at his son, hearing a peculiarity his choice of words. For generations, other than being of service to their fathers—as was their place and duty—when each young man of the Malfoy family was introduced to Sartour’s Fine Robes, he was always serviced by a clothier and a member of the “accessory” staff. He *himself* did not serve. Unless…

There was something in his son’s manner that caught Lucius’ attention. “Why do you not start at the beginning, Draco?“ Lucius commanded, curious about Draco’s initial statement continuing and recalling that when introducing his son to Mr. Sartour, the proprietor had cocked his head slightly to the side as though not certain how to begin before assigning him to Mr. Slink.

“Yes, Father. Initially that small man, that Mr. Slink, he began my measurements—I did not care for him, Father. He was quiet and meek and I demanded someone better. He left and some time later two different men returned. One was…was Mar…” Draco choked, coughing as though strangling.

Ah, thought Lucius, the prohibition from identifying either patrons or personal information of staff other than how they chose to be addressed. Draco ceased coughing “…I mean, Mr. Flint,” Draco finished.

Lucius was suddenly delighted thinking, ‘now we are getting somewhere!’ He had been serviced by young Flint many a time within the last three years. In fact he had been there for Flint’s debut within the establishment. Lucius had just been fitted for a new waistcoat and, due to scheduling constraints, had expected to conclude his brief visit with simple oral gratification from one of Sartour’s “accessories.” Before he could engage, Mr. Sartour came to Lucius personally to extended the invitation to make use of his newest potential accessory. “Very new,” Mr. Sartour explained, “untouched until today.” Mr. Sartour went on to say that only he and his assistant had filled and measured the boy and found him to be eager and accommodating. Based on his overall performance capacity today he would be considered as part of an expanded menu of offered services among the proffered accessories. Mr. Sartour further explained he knew Lucius’ time was short and would not be able to fully indulge as was his want, but could would still be one of the first to sample - on the house.

After accepting Mr. Sartour’s gracious offer, Lucius recalled walking into the room where the dais had been transformed to be raised just below waist height. A large, muscular young man lay upon it on his back, spread open before him. He was utterly hairless from the neck down. The only remnants of his recent measurement and filling by Sartour and the assistant was the gorgeous distention of the anal ring. He was otherwise pristine. Invisible binds had pulled his arms above his head and knees pulled up and wide. The inviting, puffy arsehole was plugged below a cage that restrained both penis and testicles. Lucius paused, mesmerized at the winking, grasping movement of the boy’s hairless, swollen hole around the plug neck. The entire tableau was gorgeous.

Reaching for the base of the plug and tugging gently Lucius was treated to a deep guttural moan from the throat of the supine male. Lucius gently shrank and extracted the plug to access the prize.

The boy twitched and gasped when Lucius placed the tip of his wand slightly inside the sweet entrance and softly spoke the lubrication charm. Already erect from the display of carnal debauchery in front of him, Lucius did not hesitate to extract his length from his trousers and place his spongey cock head against the tumescent pink hole and massage it briefly. A longing moan came from the boy's throat at the touch and he opened teary eyes. Those deep brown eyes widened in recognition of the man about to enter him and his eyes filled with tears. "Please, sir," was all the boy could moan and when Lucius pushed inside the fluttering wet channel, the tears overflowed and ran down his cheeks. He cried out his thanks at being measured and filled among grunts and groans. Lucius fucked the new hole groaning ecstatically, cognizant of what would become Flint's trademark: a constant, rhythmic grasping of his internal muscles giving the penis inside the feeling of being milked. The boy moaned unceasing as he was filled and fucked hard. In no time a constant river of cum drooled from his caged cock to form a puddle on his belly.

It took Lucius little time to finish, immersed in the tight, wet world, coming deeply, filling Flint's internal passage with a surprising amount of semen. Noting the puddle beneath the caged cock had trebled in size, Lucius ran two fingers through the effluence and plunged them into the boy's mouth. The boy moaned and sucked his cum from Lucius' fingers. Lucius repeated the process until the puddle was gone. He paused enjoying the tongue stroking over and between his fingers thinking with delighted anticipation of his own cock taking place of his fingers some time in the future.

Lucius extracted his cock from the young man, cleaned himself with the provided bowl of water and cloth and straightened his trousers. He cast a cleansing charm on the debauched male thinking that he would not likely be the last to sample the new accessory. Lucius replaced the plug in the boy to the sound of another moan and enlarged it appropriately and as he left, he heard the boy groan, "Please!"

Lucius offered his thanks with a smile to Mr. Sartour and settled his bill for the day. He also set a future full day appointment for a Full Service Robe Fitting with the new accessory. Mr. Sartour confirmed the inclusion of his newest accessory for measurement. Lucius agreed and, after greeting Horace Slughorn and Cyrus Greengrass, he exited, offering his best wishes for their fittings.

Returning to the present and feeling hopeful, Lucius encouraged Draco to continue describing his session making use of Flint.

Draco was still speaking when Lucius returned from his reverie, "… and the other man with him was…he said to call him Mr. Stern." Lucius eyebrow twitched. He knew of the man and of his special service.

Looking to the ground, Draco continued with a quiet voice, "He…he said I was a *naughty,* arrogant boy and if I wanted to be a good boy I would have to be taught. The first step, he explained, was with a spanking. I refused, explaining Malfoys did not get spanked. I moved to strike him, but he got behind me and restrained my arms. I demanded he unhand me and he *silencio*-ed me. He told me I would have to learn to respect those who knew my needs better than I. He said the only way I could learn was through a bare-bottomed spanking across his knee and…" Draco looked to Lucius with a mixture of fear and reverence, "Father, I don't understand! When he said this, I…I… my…my p-penis got hard! Before I could cover it he vanished all my clothes. He saw, Father, saw my erection and said that it confirmed that I was a naughty boy because only naughty boys got hard before they were spanked." Draco's voice became breathless, "He made me lay across his lap with my penis held between his knees. He began spanking. It hurt! It hurt a lot and I started crying…but…" Draco paused. "'But?'" Lucius wished to know. Quietly, Draco said, "I liked it." There was a pause before Draco said, "Father, when he was spanking me..I…well…oh, Father, I tried to stop, you see? But…but, I couldn't help it! I came! I ejaculated! On to the floor." Draco had stopped pacing and Lucius noted his son moving his hips in tiny pulses, lost in the memory of achieving pleasure from disciplined pain.

"Yes….I see. What then, son?"

"Mr. Stern stopped spanking me. He said I did well and that he would continue my lesson next time. He caressed my bottom to soothe it. It felt good! Then, Mr Flint helped me from Mr. Stern's lap. He…he helped me to stand. He said I took my punishment perfectly and he also told me that I was a 'good boy!'"

"Did you like that?"

"Oh yes, father, I did!. He then began to take my measurement for my for my robes. His touches were…gentle. Soft." Draco blushed and looked down for a moment remembering Mr. Flint's caressing touches on his skin. He looked back to his father, "He asked me how I liked to 'dress'. I didn't understand. He explained…well…he showed me. He touched me…my penis" Lucius quirked a brow. This would be the moment. "He…he…then he stroked me. My cock!" Whereas Lucius

was accustomed to the question and what followed by his cock being sucked by his tailor, an assistant or an accessory. He realized what followed would determine what he was beginning to suspect. “He…he put my penis in his mouth. It felt so good!” Good! Thought Lucius, “He sucked me until I was hard again!” Once more there was a pause in Draco’s recitation. “…and then made me kneel.” Oh. Draco was made to kneel. “…Mr. Stern…He…he came to me and opened his trousers. He pulled out his penis! It was hard…it was beautiful, Father. He told me I was to open my mouth and…I did! Father, he put his…penis…in my mouth! I…I sucked him! Oh! I loved it! I loved having him in my mouth! I sucked him until he was completely in my mouth touching the back of my throat and I wanted there to be more! He helped me, instructed me how to be measured by him. How to please him.”

Lucius sighed, “and did you, my boy? Please him?” Draco smiled proudly and smiled, “Yes, Father! He held my head still while he measured and filled me. He came at the back of my throat! I could feel it shooting out of him and it sliding down my throat! When he pulled away, he told me that I was gifted, that I was born to be filled like that.” Draco’s face glowed with the praise.

‘Well,’ thought Lucius, ‘that is that.’ He felt slightly disappointed that his son would be other than that which Malfoy tradition expected, but the disappointment, he realized, warred with…anticipation and desire. An idea bloomed. His son wouldn’t merely service him as was a Malfoy’s duty to their fathers. No, his son would be an *asset* to be used; politically, professionally and socially.

“Mr. Stern put his penis back in his pants said he would be sending in Mr. Prolix to continue my oral measurements. Meanwhile, Mr. Flint put me on my hands and knees and began rubbing me, massaging me…back…there,” Draco looked to his father who asked, “He massaged your anus?” Draco nodded and said, “He said it was time for my last measurement, Father. It felt so goooood! I tried to maintain my composure, but oh! It felt soooo good! Mr. Flint whispered a spell and I could feel that I was filled with something wet.”

Lucius found he was now quite enjoying Dracos slutty tale. “Yes, Draco, what next?”

“Mr. Prolix came in. He opened his trousers and pulled, oh! He pulled out his cock! It was long - so much longer than Mr. Stern. He told me he was going to teach me to relax my throat. I opened to him and he slid across my tongue until he touched the back of my throat. He

explained how to swallow him. When he pushed further, slipping into my throat, Mr. Flint….oh, Father, he slid his finger inside me!"

Draco paused in front of his father, not knowing that his erection tented his new trousers from sharing his memories of sucking and fucking of not many hours ago.

"When Mr. Flint pushed a finger inside of me, oh, Father, I wanted it! He fingered me open while Mr. Prolix fucked my throat. I wanted…I wanted ..to swallow him! When my nose touched Mr. Prolix' stomach Mr. Flint pushed another finger in! He touched a spot inside me, oh! I felt…" Draco reached down to massage his erection. Lucius smacked his hand away. "Ah, ah, ah," Lucius scolded. It was neigh time to begin his son's—*his* accessory's training. It was time for Draco to learned to be of service to his father. Sternly, Lucius said, "You may continue your story."

Draco whinged at his father's correction but said, "Yes, sir." He swallowed and continued. "He put in another finger. H-he moved them in a-and out! H-he fucked me! M-Mr. Flint said…he told me I was taking my measurement so well and that it was time to take the final measurement and to fill me! Then…he pulled his fingers out I felt so open! T-then…then, Father, then there was something bigger at my entrance!" Draco's voice became louder, excited to share. He began pacing back and forth. "Mr. Prolix held my head and thrust over and over in my throat, going faster and faster…and then…then Mr. Flint pushed and…he was inside me for the first time…his penis! His… COCK! Big! Oh, so big. It hurt, but it was good. Merlin, it felt so good. I didn't know, father, I never understood how good it could be!" Draco reached back running his fingers over his new trousers between his arse cheeks to push the base of a plug inserted securely not so long ago, recalling the feeling of a penis entering his anus and filling his rectum for the first time. "And he told me I was good! I was a *good* boy. He said good boys were made to have cock inside of them. He said *I* was MADE to be measured and filled! He, oh, father, he filled me…he and Mr. Prolix filled me with their cocks and cum!!"

Draco was not looking at his father but he was moving his hips and stroking between his cheeks. He pushed the base of the plug faster, further stimulating his rectum. "Another man entered…Mr. N-n… he...I...I can't say his name!" Lucius nodded aware of the rules, "I know him father…so do you!" Draco groaned thinking of the father of his schoolmate, Theo, who then entered. "He told me he'd always thought I was beautiful and he'd wanted to measure and fill me for years! He showed himself to me, Father. He was as wide as Mr. Flint,

but he was also like Mr. Prolix - so long, sooo long. I wanted him! He bent me over a chair. He spanked me, like Mr. Stern had done. He spanked me hard. I cried, Father! It hurt! Then stopped. He held open my buttocks and looked at me, at m-my hole. I heard him growl and he pushed his penis inside of me. I felt so full!He took me from behind - he fucked me fast! He was so deep inside me. He pinched and pulled my n-nipples while he was inside me. Hard! It hurt and I cried. He… he…he used me…he, he *pounded* me! He measured me and filled me with his cum too! Gods! It was amazing!! Mr. Flint sat in the chair in front of me and had me warm his cock and then Mr. Prolix laid me on my back and measured and filled me too! I rode him and he went deeper still! He…. his penis…hit that spot inside me, hard! I-I c-came on his cock! Then Mr. Flint…inside me again! Father he sat me in his lap and conjured a mirror. My nipples…so red…my hole…so wide… so full! I watched him measure and fill me…it was…" Draco trailed off, whispering, humping his hips in the air while rhythmically pushing the fat plug inside his ass.

Lucius was hard - painfully so. He needed to fuck. "Come, son. Tell me. Did he leave you plugged."

Draco nodded vehemently.

"Did he tell you why?"

"That once measured and and filled properly I'd want to be prepared - ready to serve." Draco moaned and paused. "He even gave me a special fly on my trousers to ensure access would be easy." Draco blushed when he said that thinking of how easy it was for Mr. Flint to demonstrate and fill him a *third* and final time after he was dressed. How he had separated the back of Draco's new trousers, bent him over, removed the plug, and entered Draco with ease. Mr. Flint had fucked Draco's painfully red and swollen hole slowly and tenderly. Ohhhhh, Draco flushed head to toe and shivered in memory. That was when Mr. Flint had stroked his abused nipples and cock while sliding in and out of his swollen hole, leading them both to final orgasms. Draco shivered, feeling his own cock drip pre-cum in his new trousers. Mr. Flint made him feel loved. Cherished. Like he felt with his father.

"I see. Come here, son," Draco stood still in front of his father his tented trousers leaving little doubt that he was ready to be filled again. Lucius whispered a spell. Draco felt his flies open. His erection sprang out. Lucius observed his son's member an smirked slightly. It was a slightly smaller version of Lucius' with a pronounced upward curve

“Are you, son? Are you ready to serve?” Draco nodded spasmodically, control gone, “Ready to serve…serve your father?” Draco’s eyes widened and he nodded harder and faster, unable to hold back a moan.

“Turn around, son. Sit here. Good.” Lucius pulled Draco to sit on his knees facing away. Lucius pushed Draco forward so his belly was nearly flush against his father’s knees and his chest parallel to the floor. He spoke the spell separate the material of his special trousers and spread the sides, exposing the smooth, milky white flesh of his son’s buttocks.

Lucius recognized precisely the size of plug inside his son by the base resting between his buttocks, against his pink, swollen anus. From his first time at Sartour’s until today, he’d placed a plug that size in each accessory he’d ever measured and filled. He loved watching them arch and squirm as the object was worked inside. He loved hearing them whimper as they were filled thoroughly when the plug expanded inside and told how it would keep them ready to serve. At any moment.

And now Draco, his heir, was one of them. Ready to serve. As Lucius’ *own* accessory. Pink arsehole ready to open for him as needed. As desired.

Gently, he began to rhythmically push the at plug inside his son, fucking him on the long, girthy spade shape, pulling it out slightly allowing it to slip past his son’s rim to the widest part only to be pushed back in. “Oh! Father!”

“You see, son, there are two types of men that frequent that establishment.” Draco groaned and whispered, “There are?” Lucius continued, “Indeed. Some, like you, arrive for their services, are assessed and understood as needing to be measured and filled. They need to serve. They are called an “accessory”, created for this purpose. To be measured and filled, like you.” He continued to push and pull the plug inside of his son in and out, entranced by the way his son’s red, abused hole opened to allow the extraction of the plug and then swallowed it back up, sealing around the neck. “I, Draco, on the other hand, am the other type of man. Despite my willing service of my father as heir, I am the type of man who makes use of the of those accessories in service. You are the first, Draco, in generations of Malfoy men, to be an accessory in this way. That you would serve and service *me* in this capacity was always going to be your duty as the Malfoy heir. It is, however, one we now know you in particular are

uniquely made for."

Draco moaned at his father's taking in what he was saying while the older man slowly extracted the plug completely from his son's hole. "Ohhhh, Father! Ohhhhhhh." Draco shivered when it was removed. "What? What?! Father….FATHER!!" Draco cried when four long, elegant fingers filled his sore bottom in one swift move. Lucius pumped his son's velvety soft, swollen, wet hole with his fingers watching his son writhe in pleasure.

"Will you serve and service your father as is your duty, Draco?" Draco nodded, desperate, "Yes! Yes, Father!"

"Will you service those I tell you to?" Draco moaned, "Oh, Father! Oh yesss, please, Father, I will!"

Lucius smiled, proud of his accessory, "Good boy." Draco sobbed with joy, having pleased his father.

Lucius pulled his fingers from inside his own accessory. Extracting his own hard, leaking cock out of his trousers, Lucius rested the tip against the red, winking hole of his son, grabbed his accessory by his hips and pulled him back, impaling him on his cock.

The shock of being filled for a sixth time that day made Draco shout and scream, "Daddy! Oh, DADDY!" Draco cried at the feeling of his father filling him. Lucius growled a feral sound at his son's nomenclature.

He'd known logically, that when it had become time to teach Draco this tradition, he would enjoy making use of him. However…of all those he had previously measured and filled nothing had ever given Lucius *this* level of pleasure, this level of satisfaction as he felt finally measuring and filling his son. He pushed and pulled the boy on and off of his cock repeatedly. Lucius could not remember ever having been this hard or feeling as big before as he was now, locked inside his son's slick, tight walls. Draco's moans became unintelligible as he was fucked on his father's cock.

Lucius picked up Draco with arms wrapped around his belly and walked him, still sheathed, to his desk. Deftly spinning his son onto his back Lucius extracted his cock from his son, laid his accessory down and pushed up his knees. His son's face was flushed and full lips and eyelashes wet. Draco's eyes burned with desire for his father and he whimpered, "Daddy, please. More." Lucius smiled. He vanished Draco's clothing entirely and gazed down. As expected, all body hair

had been removed from his accessory and his son's winking hole was moist and puffy. He placed his penis once more against the furl. He looked his son in the eyes and smiled. "You belong to Daddy now." Lucius pushed his cock into his son's hole balls deep. He started fucking. Hard. Fast. Draco moaned continuously, "Yes, Daddy…more, Daddy…fill me, Daddy." The combination of his son's capitulation and cries of "Daddy" cause his balls to ascend rapidly. His curved shaft allowed his cockhead to press against Draco's prostate with every pass.

"Daddy! Please! I have to come!" Draco cried and that pushed Lucius over the edge and as he started spurting his release, Draco too screamed and began to cum dry, his penis pulsing hard against his belly.

Lucius gathered Draco in his arms. Still connected to his father, Draco wrapped his legs around the older man. Lucius murmured to him, "That's daddy's good boy…Daddy loves his good boy…such a good boi…"

From now on, Draco would not just do his duty for his father, he would serve others—at his father's discretion—and be measured and filled willingly.

In the meantime, Lucius gazed down at his cockhead still inside his son and considered whether to replug him. After all, he was not yet satiated. He knew he'd measure his accessory at least five more time that night.

Well Suited

Chapter Summary

Draco has been well-trained by his father and now it's time to determine proof of concept. Read along to see how Lucius' personal accessory is taken for a "test drive".

Chapter Notes

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Nov. 16, 2023

Hey there! Look at who's alive! I am sorry to have been away from my works for so long. It's the same story, the same old song and dance: real life has been an arse for the last little bit. I've spent the snippets of time I felt I could dedicate to it editing many previously posted works (and that includes this one. If you feel like it, go back and reread the first chapter of this story line. Both here and in other stories/series there are no material changes with my edits—that I can recall—just flow, logic, punctuation, etc.) and I've also been trying to complete the MANY drafted chapter that I've begun. If you follow the Hermione-centric Just Her Imagination story, I have something like 4 chapters that are in draft form. I promise, I'm working to getting things completed and posted.

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I hope you like this new chapter!

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Severus joined Lucius and Draco in Lucius' personal drawing room for postprandial tete-a-tete. The room was a place of sumptuous masculine comfort. There was a roaring blaze in the fireplace, many

tomes of ancient and current import filled the shelves, dark leather sofas, chairs and ottomans. Armagnac poured, and conversation flowing, it was the epitome of gentlemanly relaxation.

At a pause in conversation, Lucius casually turned to his son and said, "Son, please service Severus."

Draco's introductory measurement and fitting at Sartour's Fine Robes had merely been intended to serve as an introduction to the Malfoy traditions. However, with the resulting revelation of the boy's particular proclivities and Lucius' reckoning of his son's long term value, Lucius spent the remainder of their weekend together training his boy not simply to service himself as tradition would dictate, but beginning training him in the many, many ways of serving those with various—and sometimes extraordinary—ways of experiencing pleasure.

Draco was sent back to Hogwarts wearing his new clothing and accoutrements. Throughout the reminder of the first term of the school year, Lucius regularly provided Draco reading materials to study to prepare him for his practical training. Admonished to neither seek his own pleasure nor serve another without his father's behest, Draco, diligent and determined, was chaste while he absorbed the knowledge provided by his father. He was excited—in so many ways —to demonstrate his learning once back at the Manor. As the Yule holidays commenced, Draco readily employed one of his early lessons: properly greeting his father on his knees, mouth open to receive the man's penis and bring him to orgasm. As the boy swallowed his emission and thanked him for it, Lucius praised his boy and his expert technique. That same evening after their meal, Lucius languidly enjoyed the sensation of sliding his cock in and out of his son as the boy sat in his lap. If asked, Lucius would have to admit that the convenience and satisfaction inherent in having his own accessory readily accessible to be measure and filled alone was more than he could have hoped for. But he had work to do. Draco presented himself daily to his father's expert tutelage and quickly and willingly been educated in areas of more… *esoteric* pleasures. Once he began his son's advanced education, Lucius would never have imagined how beautifully erotic it was to see tears fill and overflow his own boy's eyes whilst his hairless, pink bollocks were spanked until he came.

This night, Lucius had only slight apprehension with this command for his son to serve Severus. The seemingly dour man had been carefully chosen as the boy's "first" due to his and Lucius' shared history and the long resulting trust. Lucius was deeply pleased with his son and

the speed at which he'd learned and perfected his new skills. As it would be Draco's first time serving at his father's behest, Lucius knew Severus would be the best—and most exacting—test subject. The man's true satisfaction was hard earned and he was forever in search of someone so exquisite as to bring him to that state.

Knowing none of this, Severus looked up, surprised and the command from Lucius. What "service" did he have in mind? He watched with subtle anticipation as Draco flushed and smiled slightly to himself before he stood. Glancing down as Draco approached, Severus' heart leapt as he saw the distinct tent in the boy's robes, clearly and unapologetically covering an erection therein. What, Severus wondered, could Lucius mean by this?

Draco, keeping his eyes on the ground, stopped in front of Severus's knees and said, "Please, Sir, please allow me to see to your needs." Moved by the boy's patrician beauty and grace, Severus had no words for what he was experiencing. Draco's raised slender, graceful hands to unclasp robes that slid from his body to pool on the floor. With the removal of the garment, it was revealed his godson was wearing nothing underneath except what appeared at first glance to be a simple leather harness around his waist. As the boy spun slowly in a circle for his godfather to admire, Severus observed that, yes, it was a harness, but it was one that was slightly more complicated than originally imagined. Along with the one thick, belted strip buckled around Draco's waist was much more. From the front center of the belt, a vertical leather piece descended towards the boy's hairless genitalia. To that vertical piece was attached a ring that closely surrounded Draco's erect penis and tight testicles. Another strip attached to the same ring at the underside of his testicles and continued toward the boy's perineum only to then split and run to the outside of—and to accentuate—the boy's perfect buttocks before attaching to the waist strap once more.

As Draco turned, Severus glimpsed a line of sliver nestled between the boy's buttocks clearly denoting the presence of the base of a plug of some kind. What really had caught Severus' attention, however, was the strip of leather running atop the sweet, upturned length of Draco's dripping, red erection. This strip was affixed to the ring around his cock and balls, but also held in place a series of six more rings. The first, as mentioned, tightly encircled the boy's penis and testicles at their base. The next four rings firmly encircled the boy's erect length at even intervals. The fifth ring not only encircled the boy's cock, but also held back his foreskin and rested directly behind—and strangulating slightly—the swollen purple cockhead. Finally, a sixth,

much smaller ring sat at the head of his penis. This ring acted as a support for the protrusion passing though it. The protrusion appeared to be a one-quarter inch diameter metal cylinder arising nearly two inches from the end of the boy's penis. Severus knew without needing to be told the protrusion was the end of a sound inserted into the boy's urethra. Severus also knew by the observable accoutrements that Draco had been prepared in this way *specifically* for him. This meant the sound did not merely fill Draco's urethra the length of his visible shaft. Instead, it had passed deeply and fully through the length of the boy's urethra and was manipulated into place with its thickened, rosebud end pressed directly and insistently against the boy's prostate.

Knowing that Draco had sat with the men through their entire meal in the gates-of-hell cock cage, in this state - with a plug in his arse, his hard penis impaled and his prostate under constant stimulation, Severus was both shocked and amazed that Draco had maintained, for the entirety of the meal, complete control.

Thus displayed for Severus to admire and understand, Draco knelt before his professor—his godfather—knees spread, hands upturned on his thighs, gaze directed to the floor. It was the most beautiful sight Severus had ever seen. He was erect in moments.

Severus knew well the proud yet closely-guarded tradition of Malfoy young men undergoing training to be at service for their fathers' needs. He also well knew that the training would begin at some point during their Hogwarts matriculation. In their youth, Lucius had frequently and delightedly confided in Severus after another session of having willingly served as catamite to his own father, Abraxas Malfoy. Lucius' lengthy and descriptive recounts of his paterfamilial encounters were titillating and thrilling to an initially shocked but ultimately eager, innocent, young Severus. Any initial uncertainty quickly yielded under the confident and attentive nature of his beautiful pure-blood friend. Severus early found himself entranced and aroused at the conclusion of each recounting, finding himself with his willing lips wrapped around Lucius' cock—or the other way around—or with Lucius eventually buried inside his darker hole, recreating the details of the encounter.

Aware and accepting of his son's close relationship with the young potions prodigy, when Severus was invited to visit Malfoy Manor, a magnanimous Abraxas quickly introduced Severus to the service of him and would allow the half-blood to participate in the traditional encounters, happy to have another willing body to train to his particular proclivities. Like his own son, Abraxas found the Snape boy

an excitedly compliant and willing participant. Severus had particularly responded to Abraxas' application of pain to bring about their respective pleasures and became a dedicated student. The training Abraxas employed with his additional catamite he recognized as his due. Half bloods had to be good for something, after all.

Naturally Abraxas' charitability also extended to secure an introduction for both young men into Sartour's Fine Robes when both were deemed eligible. As well as Lucius, Severus continued as a long time patron.

Rarely concerned with something as puerile as a determined sexuality, Slytherns were schooled in the need to reproduce and keep the bloodline clean but encouraged to explore as desired. Though both men would also go on to seduce and couple with women as well as other men—while in Hogwarts and beyond—even as Lucius courted and eventually married Narcissa Black, Lucius and Severus would always seek one another out to explore and experiment together, sexually.

Severus considered his history with Lucius while examining his friends' son who was also his student. Clearly, Draco, though a bit older than Lucius had been when he was introduced to his duty, must have only recently entered into the Malfoy tradition. However, presented to him, in *this*, Draco was something…greater. This was more than simply serving his father out of tradition. It was apparent that Lucius had painstakingly trained his boy to a greater purpose - and had trained him very, very well. Impressed, Severus said quietly, "Good boy, Draco. Very well done." Draco blushed and smiled and said huskily, "Thank you, sir."

Severus looked to Lucius who had a small smile playing on his lips, "Congratulations, Lucius. He is superlative." Lucius nodded and accepted his friend's paise. He then indicated with his head that Severus should proceed.

Severus moved his knees apart and beckoned Draco closer. "Rise, Draco". Draco rose from his knees and stepped within the V of his godfather's legs. He exhaled lightly when the older man cast a charm to create a caressing sensation to his pink, hairless bollocks. Severus smiled as the skin of the boy's scrotum constricted with his work. Motioning his fingers to silently cast another charm, Severus caused end of the sound to slowly pull out half way from the young cock before it was pushed it back in. The only sign Draco showed from the deep prostate stimulation was his balls drawing up further in

response.

Severus continued to magically slide the sound in and out of Draco's sweet penis. "Draco…" the man breathed out his name deeply causing Draco to nearly succumb to a shiver. "You may not ejaculate without my permission. Do you understand?" Severus nearly missed the very slight tremble in Draco's chin but did note how the boy's pupils dilated with his command.

"Yes," the boy's voice was somewhat tighter now, "…sir."

Coal black eyes flicked to grey and Severus spoke again to Lucius. "Again, I offer my most sincere congratulations. He is extraordinary."

The imperious nod in receipt of the accolade caused glowing moonlight locks to fall slightly forward.

Long dexterous fingers cancelled the charms that stilled the stimulation. Severus asked his friend, "Will you remain?"

"I believe I shall. You know how I enjoy watching you work."

Severus nodded.

"Draco. You may not speak nor make any sound. Understand? Good," noting Draco's nod of agreement, Severus said, "Take a step back, boy. Wrists together in front of you."

Severus waved his hand again to cast a charm to mimic biting on inner thighs, neck, nipples. Soft and gentle at first, then with increasing power.

Severus cast a series of rapid, necessary spells. Draco's hands were magically pulled overhead and suspended in place. "Open your mouth, Draco. Good boy." A ring gag appeared, entered Draco's mouth to hold it wide, and it buckled around his head.

"Stand with your legs apart. Further…further…good. Yes. Good boy." He knew this wide stance was at the edge of uncomfortability as young thigh muscles quivered. Severus smiled at the sight. He rose and walked around the boy pausing to admire the base of a metal plug nestled between his pale, firm buttocks. He would be seeing to that momentarily.

Severus stood behind Draco to resume the caressing charm again on his neck and added his scrotum. The charm continued while he cast a

pinching and pulling charm at the boys nipples. It was not more than a few moments before the buds had turned red and had distended nearly a half inch with the charms' actions. Severus conjured clover clamps and, with a flick of his fingers, applied them to the erect nubs. They were tightened.

"Draco," Severus breathed behind the boy's back, "this *will* hurt. Do you understand? Nod if you do." The boy nodded quickly. "Remember, do not cum."

With that, Severus began casting a spell. It was a curse much like a lesser cruciatus. It acted as a modified version that sent electric pulses to be delivered via the metal on and in Draco's body: nipples, penis, anus and testicles. Gooseflesh broke out on the boy's body. His nostrils flared but the only sound was his breath through the ring gag. Draco's beautiful fair complexion reddened on his face and chest as he took in the stimulation and tears formed in his eyes.

"That's it, Draco, breath in the pain. Take it in. Transform it." Severus watched the boy breathe, doing exactly as Severus said. The boy's penis remained perfectly erect, purple and dripping.

Severus released the spells for some seconds before applying them again. He repeated the process twice more. Draco's penis jumped dramatically with each reapplication. He then, systematically, stopped and reapplied the curse moving from one body group to another for a lengthy duration. He followed no rhythm, no pattern. He just applied traveling, unremitting pain. Severus continued to murmur words of encouragement in the straining boy's ears, his voice a reprieve for the boy, a caress Throughout it all, Draco made no sound but tears rolled from his eyes. With each new tear, Severus cock pulsed in his trousers. The boy was extraordinary.

Severus released the curses. For a moment, the only sound came as Draco's chest rose and fell while he fought to return to normal respiration. Severus smirked. It would be some time before that state would be reached this night.

Draco's arms were released from suspension and his wrists were freed. Severus cast and they were moved behind the boy, together once more. "Kneel over ottoman, Draco." Draco swiftly complied, moving his knees far apart to lay across the warm leather.

The boy's milk-white buttocks parted with his knees and revealed the elongated, silver base of the plug. Severus made a beckoning motion

and the plug pulled out slightly. It appeared to be a thick spade shape, reasonably thick and round and smaller before the base. It was about to get much bigger. Severus cast *lubricatus* to ensure movement was possible and consistent contact with the inside of the boy's body. He sent the plug back into boy's anus. "*Engorgio minimus* " Severus spoke, "…*engorgio medius*…*engorgio maximus*."

Draco wept silently with the advance in size as the stretch of his anus and rectum around the plug approached its max. It would be huge inside the boy. If Severus were to hold the plug in his hand in its current attitude, he would not be able to close his hand.

Severus commanded, "Yes, Draco. Well done. Stand. Spread your legs again. Good." He began the mild cruciatus curses again. Tears continued to fall from the younger man's eyes as electric throbs pulsed through the plug, sound and clamps. Severus made one additional cast and the sound began fucking Draco's penis and the massive plug began to move with slow, prolonged ingress and egress. Perspiration broke at Draco's hairline. Still he did not succumb. Draco's remained quiet, his cock stayed hard and leaking, quadriceps quivering. The color of his cock deepened to an alarming shade. Severus smiled.

Severus's own dick pulsed in time to the shocks the boy was enduring. It gave a particularly aggressive pulse when Draco's mouth could no longer hold in his saliva and the insensate boy drooled down his own chest to his cock and the floor. It was so beautiful.

Severus waved his hand toward his own crotch and caused his flies to unbutton. His dripping, hard penis came out. Draco's eyes dropped to take in what he saw. There was an audible intake of breath from the boy as his mind took in the possibilities of its next location. Severus glanced down to the boy's jumping prick and thrusting sound. He was amazing in his restraint and pleasure. Still no sound from his throat. Again, it was extraordinary.

Severus swished his hand and Draco was again forced to his knees. His passivity barely maintaining.

Severus felt such love for the boy. He could barely hold back from touching him, but maintained his touch-less torture of pain an pleasure. His methods had been utilized for many years, honed to perfection. Draco was the first and most beautiful to withstand this long and remain silent. He was near perfection. Severus' testicles tingled and his cock throbbed. It was time for his first release.

Severus walked to the red sweating figure, his heavy penis pointing directly toward the ring gag. He felt his own balls draw up. Severus felt his cock drool precum and watched as it flowed directly down onto the boy's.

The boy's body thrashed with the contact. The sensation of his godfather's precum on his prick alone nearly broke him.

"Draco, you're such a good boy. Do you like this? The pain with the stimulation? Do you want to come? Do you need to come?"

Still Draco remained silent. Yes, Lucius trained him perfectly. Severus was nearly at his brink.

"Oh, Draco, good boy…do you want my cum? Do you? You may speak."

Around the ring gag, Draco begged for Severus' cum. The words we're unintelligible, but the intent was clear.

Severus' orgasm was upon him. He aimed his penis. "Good boy, Draco. Do not swallow." Without touching himself, Severus came, sending thick streams of cum into the receptacle of Draco's mouth.

Draco's eyes fluttered shut, he savored the cum as it pooled upon his tongue. Despite not yet coming, he could have rested on this satisfaction. He looked up to Severus, serene.

Severus read this in his eyes and mind. "You may swallow." Draco tilted his head back and savored the sensation of his godfather's semen slipping down his throat.

Severus tucked away his less-hard length and then cast to force the boy's chest to the floor. It was time for the boy to receive his much deserved a reward. Severus cast again, causing the engorged plug to elongate and to fuck the boy's anus and rectum in time to the increased pace of the sound. The long thick plug and the sound were thoroughly pounding the boy's anus and prostate respectively while the clamps pulled and pinched his nipples. Severus sent a last continuous painful jolt of the modified cruciatus into the metal tools and commanded, "I'm going to allow you to cum, Draco, and when you do, you may make all of the sounds you need to." Severus paused for only a few seconds, but for Draco the would seem an eternity.

"Cum."

Draco emitted and animalistic sound and cum began to flow out around the sound while his body twitched and spasmed. As the ejaculate flowed from the boy around the sound, by the sheer volume, Severus noted it had likely been some time since the boy was last allowed to ejaculate. Severus released the painful hex as Draco's orgasmic tremors continued. Finally, with a series of shudders and spasms, the boy was replete, only occasionally twitching with aftershocks.

Draco was done, his head hanging, disheveled hair dripping with sweat, his head resting on the floor. His body shuddered with each inhale and exhale as he sought equilibrium. He was wrecked. Severus released the thrusting charms on the plug and sound. He then shrunk, released and removed all remaining accouterments from the boy, cast a gentle cleansing charm and *evansesco*-ed the cooling pool of cum. Draco's arms were released as Severus sat in a low loveseat. He levitated the boy to his lap. Draco was made to sit with his knees on either side of Severus' legs. He wrapped his arms around the older man and burrowed his face into his neck, his breath still coming out is shudders. Severus lifted his hands to soothe and caress, touching him for the first time.

With this, Draco broke. He sobbed,"Thank you, Godfather, thank you." Severus smiled, "You're such a good boy Draco. You've pleased me so much." Draco sobbed into Severus' neck as Severus ran his hands up and down the boy's back and caressing his shaking shoulders down to soft flanks and buttocks.

Looking to Lucius, seeing him with his erect, weeping penis in his hand, lips parted as if he couldn't quite believe what had transpired. Severus smiled at his friend and said, "Exquisite."

Lucius nearly came and felt his eyes tear with that one word. He'd been right to offer his son to Severus, his dearest friend. Severus pulled apart Draco's buttocks and exposed the boys winking and distended hole. He cocked an eyebrow and waited. Lucius smiled and rose. He walked toward his friend and accessory stroking his erect length. Severus said, "Lift, boy. Arch." Draco lifted and tilted up his behind presenting his puffy hole to his father. Wasting no time, Lucius cast the *lubricatius* and swiftly filled his son's hole. Draco moaned long and low into Severus' neck as his father's penis pressed briefly against his hole before it reached him. He cried out as it was thrust deeply into his rectum. Severus smiled and said, "Good boy, Draco, take your father's cock inside." Severus felt his own cock stir again as Lucius began to fuck his accessory and heir. Draco whispered into his

godfather's neck, "Daddy…love you, Daddy. So good inside me, Daddy. Love to serve you, Daddy."

Severus watched the unbridled pleasure on Lucius' face while he filled his son's hole with repeated deep thrusts of his penis. Severus couldn't help but to return to full hardness in response.

"Severus," Lucius ground out, "join me inside my accessory." Severus smiled. Exquisite.
Severus cast a featherlight charm on the boy and stood bringing Draco with him. Together he and Lucius lifted and spun the boy on his father's cock until Draco's back body was against Severus' front. Lucius pulled out of his boy. Wasting no time, he pulled Severus' hard length from his trousers and joined it with his own. The patrician man's hand filled with lubrication and he stroked their cocks together. Severus groaned as Lucius' hand stroked his length preparing them both for his son. When he was satisfied that Severus was well prepared, Lucius felt a brief wave of nostalgia, recalling how they had frequently indulged in this way with partners in their youth. Coming back to the present, Severus slowly released the featherlight charm and lowered the boy until his soft anus touched the heads of their cocks. Allowing gravity to do its part, Draco cried out with a scream as both glans forced the swollen sphincter wide and breached the hole. As gravity proved its law and the beautiful boy sank down, Draco's scream continued with his godfather's and father's joined, ever-thickening members stretching his sphincter wider than ever before. With both cocks filling his arse, though in terrific discomfort, Draco felt alive with a pleasure he never before experienced. He screamed, "Love you!! Love you, Daddy! Love you, Godfather! Love you both!!"

The men began to fuck, driven by Draco's screams of pleasure. With impunity, Severus and Lucius intermittently pounded Draco's hole, awash in the sensation of the inside of the boy while sliding against one another. Naturally, Draco was once again admonished not to cum. They fucked Draco, through their orgasms—released together, inside the accessory—and, after some time to rest and refresh, several more times throughout the night. Whether they filled him together in some way or apart, Draco was always compliant and eager to serve anything they desired.

No one would competently be able to count the number of loads of semen deposited into the boy by the time the evening was complete. Lucius and Severus were sated to a degree never before reached. Draco's anus was swollen and gaped and the plug that returned to its

rightful place had to be enlarged drastically to not slip out. It would likely be days until it fully closed. He was ensconced in a new cock cage that not only included a sound to allow the passage of any fluids, but enclosed his testicles as well. The cage was magically applied and slowly forced the engorged length back on itself. With a painfully throbbing, caged cock and plugged, ruined arse, Draco fell to his knees and tearfully thanked both his father and his Godfather for allowing him to serve them. He was exquisite.

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